

No part of this fictional book should be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, without written permission from the author; the only exception allowed being if a reviewer quotes short excerpts in a review.

This book is a work of fiction. All characters, names, places, businesses, incidents and events are either a product of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to real persons, alive or dead, or any resemblance to actual events is coincidental.

Copyright ©2021 by Shereka Kim Felix, all rights reserved.

Saturday

1

Mr. and Mrs. Ross

Sherrie awoke to the feel of him inside her. He was giving her long, even strokes at a very slow pace. Her eyelids fluttered as they tried to decide between open and close. Her eyes finally opened to stare directly into his. Her lips formed the words ‘good morning’ and got nothing but a sly smile in return. She moved her eyes downward to capture their two lower halves. What a sight! As usual, his big muscular body was perfectly placed on top of hers. His knees supported his weight just enough to allow his lower half to do its job. The last image to enter her eyes before she closed them again, was his round ass moving up and down. She caught the rhythm and began moving her hips in unison with his.

Heston brought his lips to her right ear and kissed it softly. “Don’t move baby. I want you to feel it all.”

What the fuck? Don’t move? How could she not move with him going in and out of her so sweetly? She continued with her rhythm.

His lips again kissed her ear. “Must I really punish you today? Huh? You’re being a bad girl right now.” He grabbed hold of her right hip and, forcing it to a halt, drove himself deeper into her. He was giving her deepness, but at the same slow, agonizing pace.

“Heston please,” she almost sobbed.

“Please what?”

“For God’s sake. You know what.”

“I wanna hear it come from those sensual lips of yours.”

“Please fuck me faster. Fuck me hard.”

Because of his pace, she could feel every movement of his cock. It was sliding slowly against her vaginal walls and pushing her towards greater and greater arousal.

Heston gave a throaty chuckle just before kissing the side of her forehead and continuing to toy with her body. Sherrie bit the edge of her lower lip. She was losing patience. He would drive her out of her mind if she let him. But that wasn’t happening today. She needed more of his dick and she needed it NOW! With substantial effort, she threw her hunk of a man onto the bed and hopped on top of him. It was her turn to ride. Her hips moved furiously and hungrily. Heston grinned and then, in one swift motion, toppled her back to her original position and spread her legs wide. He dove into her like a wild animal and pounded her wet pussy. The teasing was over; it was time to get down to business.

“Yes, yes, yeeeeeeeeessssssss!” She cried out as her body began to shake violently. After experiencing her last

shake, she felt his fluids being released. “Hmmm,” she murmured. His ejaculation was always the icing on the cake. Her arms flung into the air, ready to hold him in their usual post-coital embrace.

“We’re not done yet, Mrs. Ross.” Heston roughly pivoted her hips upwards and began driving into her once more. The move apparently took his wife by surprise, causing her body to automatically stiffen. “Easy baby, I’ve got you.” He strengthened his grasp of her lower body and was rewarded with her complete relaxation into his hands. He was eager for an extra dose of his wife and his penis probed her until he felt himself come for a second time. After every last drop had exited his body, he gently placed her down and lay on top, his skin glistening with sweat. “NOW we’re done.” He inhaled and let it out with a puff. “Good morning...I mean good afternoon.”

Sherrie giggled. Their sex was never disappointing. Her nose picked up on a familiar scent. “Tried your hand at sancoche again I see.”

“Yup. Maybe this fourth time will be the charm.”

“Maybe. But in case it isn’t, you don’t have to knock yourself out. I am more than willing to make it for you any time you want.”

“That’s cool. But I want to learn to make it well too. Trust me, by the time I’m done with this dish, it will be perfect.”

“You’re perfect.” She kissed his head with a popping sound as her hand held on to it.

Ross’s lips curled up. “Oh really? That’s not what you were calling me last week.”

“Well, you shouldn’t have aimed your soccer ball at me.”

“And you shouldn’t have taken a drumstick off my plate. You know how I am with my food.”

Sherrie giggled some more. “Yea. I was pretty proud of that grab. You didn’t even see it coming.”

Heston laughed lightly. “Were you now? Sherrie I swear, if you ever take food off my plate again, you’re going down; even if it’s at a joint family picnic.”

“OK man. I promise. No more food stealing.” She smiled. “Everyone else got a kick out of it though.” Her hands played with his hair a bit. “How comes you let me sleep so late?” She looked up at the wall clock. It was a little past 2 pm on June 7th, 2025.

He played with her forearm. “Your plane landed a little late last night. I thought you could use the rest.”

“That was considerate of you. But, my darling husband, if you thought I could use the rest how did you end up inside me?”

“I had really only come in here for a medical book. But then I glanced your way and saw the sun lightly

hitting your face; you looked so sweet. Then one of your legs pushed out from under the covers and that was it. My hand placed the book back down. He smiled broadly. So...I'm guessing the meeting went well."

"Yea, Roe and I just went over the figures and talked a bit. He's happy with the growth the rehab facility has made. And once he's happy, I'm happy."

"I'm so proud of you for keeping your efforts behind this. You didn't just start it up and leave in the hands of the doctors on the island. And it's done a lot of good for the population from what I can see."

"Yup. I'm most happy about that; all the people we've gotten to help. I hope we can keep the special needs sector in the distant future; not every addict can afford to pay for rehabilitation.

"We just added it six months ago. The figures from the next two quarters should give us an idea of how sustainable it could be in the long run."

"Thanks for helping with this. Your involvement means everything to me."

"You're welcome." He continued playing with her arm.

"Claire said hi, by the way."

"She OK?"

"Yea. She and Kate are getting a dog."

“With their schedules being this busy they’re gonna have time to take care of a dog?”

“Trust me, that animal will be gone by the end of the first month. I know those two. They can barely take care of a house much less a living thing.”

“What’s your schedule like on Monday?”

“Normal. Same five classes. Going through different chapters for each of them. And my last class ends at 5. Why?”

“I was thinking...” He began to chuckle.

Sherrie’s chuckle joined in. “Heston you didn’t book another one of those group hiking activities. There is no way in hell I’m going up any mountain again. Get that through your head right now. You can keep that shit. No nature hikes for me. Go call Corin.”

“I already asked her. She’s busy. Come on Sher. It’s just one hour immediately after work. You can barely call that a hike.”

“Ask Dr. Mendez. I’m sorry baby. You know your wife would do almost anything for you but that nature story is out of the question.” She kissed him softly on the cheek.

“Yea yea. I’ll check with Mendez.”

“Cool.” She felt a little bad saying ‘no’ to him but not as bad as she would feel schlepping up some

rugged path of steepness. For crying out loud, she had almost missed her step and fallen backwards last time. Sure he had been behind her to make sure she was OK but still...who needs that nature mess? “So how was work yesterday?”

“Fine.”

Sherrie’s eyebrows arched. A one-word answer and forehead frown? Something was obviously up. “OK, what happened?”

“I caught Getrik looking at my body again.”

Sherrie tried her best not to burst out laughing at the situation involving her husband and the most recently hired staff member. “Sweetie it’s his eyes. He can do what he wants with them.”

“He’s lucky I didn’t rip them out and shove them down his fucking throat.”

“What are you? Homophobic?”

“I’m not homophobic, woman. But it still doesn’t make me happy that another man’s looking at me like that.”

“I know baby. I mean I get it. This is a sensitive area for many heterosexual males. But Hes you have beautiful features. And anyone who is attracted to men is gonna look at them.”

Heston gritted his teeth. Was she really defending this? “So, you’re on his side? You think it’s fine?”

“Hey, don’t kill the messenger. I’m just stating facts. Anyone who has a nice frame is gonna get looked at.”

Heston grinned as he hoisted himself up and to the side. He pulled her into his arms. “I could never kill the messenger; I’m too in love with her.”

Sherrie beamed while looking into his eyes. “Is that right?”

He nodded his head of short black curls at her. “I mean it Sher. I wouldn’t change a thing about you. Not a hair on your head, or a spot on your skin or even a stretch mark.”

“Watch it buddy!” she quipped.

A hearty laugh came from Ross. “OK OK. I won’t mention the stretch marks again.”

Sherrie smiled. “So does this mean I have permission to stare at your body?” She winked at him.

His hearty laughter returned. “Yes, you do. But I hope your gonna do more than just stare at it.” He winked back and pulled her into a kiss.

Monday

Dilemma

Where was she? As Heston lay on the floor in the living room, that question ran circles in his mind. He had called her sister Corin, who had reported speaking to her at lunchtime. He had texted her coworker, Ms. Hunter, who had reported last seeing her after her 5pm class; she had been packing her bag to head home. So, where the hell was she? It was now ten o'clock in the evening. He wanted to call Patricia but didn't want to risk alarming her- no mother wants to hear that her daughter may be missing. Over the past three hours Ross had called Sherrie's phone six times. And it had been off each time. Sherrie occasionally put her phone on silent. But turning off the phone? That was not Sherrie Fields Ross. And if there had been a reason for her to do so, being the responsible woman that he knew her to be, she would have let him know beforehand. The only remaining possibility was that something had happened to her. He took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down. Better to wait a few more hours before calling the police prematurely. She could have just gotten a flat tire or maybe her cell phone battery had gone dead and none of her multiple chargers had been within reach. As he contemplated the situation, the doorbell rang. He ran to

open the door, hoping that it was Sherrie; probably she'd forgotten or misplaced her key that morning. Heston turned the knob and pulled it towards him.

Andrew lifted his head from his mobile phone. "Good evening, Dr. Ross. Am assuming you remember my face. My name is ..."

"Andrew. I remember you. I cut all ties with Noah years ago. If you're looking for him, he is not here. And I don't know where he is. You'd better search elsewhere." Ross stared at him aggressively. Not knowing Sherrie's whereabouts was already irritating him. Now here came this idiot bringing bullshit at his door which had no business being there.

"This matter does indeed involve your cousin but it is not so simple this time. You need to take a ride with me, Dr. Ross. Your wife needs to see you." There a serious tone in his voice.

"How do you know my wife? And what do you mean she needs to see me?" Ross tried to maintain a calm voice but could tell it was not working.

"Sir please, all will be explained by Mr. Pascal when you are reunited with Mrs. Ross."

Ross quickly grabbed his coat with the deep pockets from the coat closet, then followed Andrew out the building and to his waiting car.

.....

In the elevator, Ross watched the top button and ached for arrival. He wouldn't have expected the penthouse in one of Portland's most reputable and affluent hotels to be owned by a criminal. But then again, this was no ordinary criminal. On the drive over, all Andrew would tell him was that his wife was perfectly safe and that Pascal required a short meeting. The elevator doors finally opened, with Andrew stepping out first and gesturing to a short walkway. The large doors at the end of the walkway were guarded by two impeccably dressed men. Each grabbed on to a door knob and opened both doors even before Andrew could speak. As Ross entered the room, his wife leapt from her seat next to Pascal's large mahogany desk and ran into his arms.

“Are you OK?” His eyes immediately started searching all over her to find the answer for himself.

Sherrie raised her eyes to meet his. “Yes, I'm fine. I'm just glad to see you. They want Noah and some money he stole, that's all”

Ross's arms received her slight body tremors. She was obviously more scared than she was letting on. He raised his head to scan the room. Andrew had taken a standing position next to one of his men. Ross remembered the man's face from the park fight, all those years ago. Two men stood behind Pascal, one on either side of the

boss; they were as impeccably dressed as the men outside. Pascal was sitting casually behind his desk with his eyes on the couple. Ross noted the dead look in those eyes right before speaking. “Sir, my wife and I stopped communicating with Noah approximately four years ago. We have no idea where he is.”

Pascal leaned forward and clasped his hands over the desk’s edge. The small smile he offered did nothing to change the deadness in his eyes. “I know this, Dr. Ross. However, I still require your help.”

“What kind of help?” Ross and Sherrie asked the question simultaneously.

“As your wife has already mentioned, Noah Ross has again come between me and my revenue.” One of his hands reached up to form a lazy fist. “I have a certain reputation, of which I am sure you two are aware.”

Ross nodded.

Pascal’s explanation continued. “Yet somehow this reputation seems to intimidate everyone except your dear cousin. There is video footage of him recently stealing money from a man’s office; now you can imagine my disappointment when the man, who was supposed to use said money to pay back his debt, showed me the video of Noah Ross stealing the money even after he had been told that it belonged to me. I need to remind your cousin of how I got the reputation which I have. But in order to do so I must first find him. I refuse to waste resources on seeking

out this man. Therefore, you are going to assist me with that. You will find Noah Ross and bring him to me alive. You may wound him if necessary but I need him alive. You will also bring me the exact amount which he has stolen. Till that time, your wife shall safely remain in my company.”

“Sir please, let me take my wife’s place. Keep me instead and let her go. She is almost as resourceful as I am. With the help of my brothers, she can find Noah.”

Pascal smiled cunningly. “Thank you for the offer doctor, but I think holding your wife would inspire more motivation. Besides, hunting is really more of a man’s job. Don’t you think?”

Heston’s brain had already analyzed the situation. An intelligent man such as himself knew there was no way out. Yet at that moment common sense made no sense at all. He couldn’t hold on to logic. All he knew was that he couldn’t leave without her. His hand reached for his gun in the right jacket pocket. In a split second, his pistol was pointed towards Pascal’s head and his hand was holding firmly onto the grip. “I’m not leaving here without my wife. Please allow us to leave together, or allow her to leave alone and I promise you will get both the money and my cousin.” His finger released the gun’s safety even while his eyes acknowledged that the two men standing behind Pascal now had guns pointed at his head as well.