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1

Eliza

Eliza grabbed the poor wretch by his washed-out jeans and rammed him into the police precinct's back wall. As the man turned around to try and gain his bearings, she came at him with a swift side kick and knocked him to the floor. The perp was then yanked from the floor by her dainty hands and put into a head lock.

Michael Bancroft appeared a short distance away, eyeing the scene. He casually walked over and picked up his sister's bag from the ground. "I could say I came to rescue you but I know you're not the damsel in distress kind of girl."

"Oh, I'm not without my share of problems, dear brother. It's just that when I'm going through my distress, you're busy fucking Janet Periwinkle."

Michael burst out laughing. "Are you ever gonna let that prom incident go? For heaven's sake, we're now 36 years old Liza."

"I'm 35. You're the one who's 36, brother dearest."

"Yea yea. Just stop bringing it up. I apologized four times the morning after. I even bought you breakfast to make up for it."

“That’s not the point. I had to walk all the way back home in uncomfortable, cracked high heels.” Eliza Bancroft grabbed her bag from him with one hand. The other hand was still tightened around the thief’s neck.

“I think the lesson here, sis, is to buy shoes that are actually meant for walking.”

She rolled her eyes at him. He was of course making sense. But she still wanted him to feel guilty for ditching her after the prom so that he could go have his tryst with some high school cheerleader. He had been the one with their father’s car that night. He should have waited for her. Even though she loved Michael to death, after all these years she still couldn’t let it go.

Michael looked down at her affectionately. He then eyed the man who had been subjected to her torturous grip for the past five minutes. “Come on, let me cuff this guy so I can take him in.”

“Oh no you don’t. I’m not going to spend half my lunch break waiting for you to process this fool. Just let him go.”

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed Eliza, but I’m a police officer. We’re not supposed to let the criminals go.” He retrieved a pair of handcuffs from his right pocket.

“I thought half of you were the criminals.” She let out a little chuckle but quickly cut it short after noticing the serious expression on her brother’s face. “Alright I’m sorry. I know you’re one of the good ones.”

“I’m glad you know that,” he responded sarcastically. “Now hand this guy over.”

“Mike,” she whined, “I’m hungry. What about our lunch date? There’s a prime rib at *Chaud* that’s got my name on it. Think about it: option one, we go book this guy and waste half of our lunch time. Or option two, we let him go and I treat us both to a nice long lunch as planned.”

“I vote for option two.” The perp tried to turn his now painful neck.

Michael gave him a look of annoyance and put the handcuffs back into the right pocket. “It’s your lucky day, I guess. Get the hell out of here.”

Eliza instantly removed her arm from around the thief’s neck and he took off running in the opposite direction.

“Come on, girl. You look starved.” The policeman wrapped an arm around his sister’s shoulder.

“I am. Let’s go. You’re gonna eat right?”

“Hell yea I’m gonna eat. Trust that!”

Eliza chuckled as they walked down the alley to the main road beside the police station.

2

Honesty

“Can you feel it? Can you feel me, baby?” There was an air of confidence in his voice.

Eliza sighed softly. She didn't know why they had to go through this charade every time. They both knew she couldn't feel him. They both knew she had never felt him. They both knew that his little penis had, most likely, never been felt by any woman. As she lay underneath this man, in order to pass the time, her mind glossed over their seven-month relationship. It hadn't been all bad of course. In fact, the beginning had been great. Darryl was a natural charmer. And he had poured on that charm from the moment they had met; she hadn't been looking for a date that afternoon but he had been so nice she had found it hard to say no. She had also seen it as an opportunity to end her year-long single streak. One year was quite enough to be out of the dating game. Their first date had led to another and pretty soon they were getting to know each other's friends. The four months they had taken to know each other without sexual contact had been wonderful. They had travelled to other states, cooked together, watched movies together and even did their favorite volunteer activities together. Then finally on their first night of intimacy she had planned everything perfectly, making sure to cater to his taste in wine, music and lingerie. She had wanted her new man at his best and most relaxed when the moment of truth arrived. But sadly, the truth had been more than she could take.

Halfway through their session she had thought that something may have been wrong with her vaginal passage. Maybe some nerves had been accidentally damaged recently. She hadn't felt a thing since he had slipped it in. For that matter, she hadn't even felt him slipping it in. And as to whether or not it was still in, she couldn't tell. Not wanting to spoil the experience for him, she had faked her orgasm quickly and waited for his to arrive. After his orgasm he had pulled out right away and only then had she seen the problem: even with a condom on, his penis was significantly smaller than average. So thus began her sexual journey with charming Darryl and his tiny penis.

With every faked orgasm, she felt a little of herself being lost in despair. Was this what life with him would always be like? After their sixth month together, she had stopped the faking and just decided to let him enjoy himself. He didn't seem to mind. And now at their seventh month's end, her patience was near its breaking point. But the rational, compassionate woman in her was always at the ready: She rationalized that Darryl was a good man, perfect in every other way. They had much fun together and provided each other with mutual happiness in every other area. Not all men are blessed with average or above average sized penises. It wasn't his fault. No, it truly wasn't his fault. But then again, she had gone without an orgasm for months because of his organ and she was tired. The situation wasn't his fault but it certainly wasn't hers either. This madness had to end and it had to end tonight. She was in the process of trying to figure out how to approach the subject with him when she heard his voice again.

“Rest easy baby. Daddy’s about to bring the shit home.”

She felt his body wiggling on top of hers with more energy. A wave of irritation hit her. “Darryl, I think we both know that nothing is going to be brought home.”

The wiggling stopped. He looked at her. “You’re not feeling the vibe tonight, princess?”

Eliza shook her head in disbelief. Were men’s egos really this fragile? “Really D?” She looked at him earnestly. It was a look which cut through the bullshit and forced him to acknowledge the reality which was all around them.

He sighed and rested between her breasts for a minute. “Look Liza, I know I have a small penis. But I have tried to make you happy in bed.”

She stroked his hair with one hand. Shame filled her. She was rejecting him. And by the time the night was over, it would hurt her as much as it would hurt him. But what else could she do? The fate of the relationship had been sealed on their first night together. There’s no way she could live a life without sexual pleasure. She inhaled deeply. “I know that Darryl and I appreciate it more than you know. I appreciate you. You are a wonderful person. I just can’t live without vaginal stimulation. It can’t work this way for me. Oral sex isn’t enough. But I have no doubt that you will meet someone suitable one day.”

Darryl rolled over and ended up on the floor. “So, I’ve been told.” He grabbed his pants and started putting a leg in. “These past months with you have been fun though.

I'll miss you." He grabbed his shirt from the chair and put both arms in.

She maintained their eye contact as she covered herself with the top bed sheet. "I'll miss you too D. Honestly. I wish it could have worked out. You want to hang out a bit before you leave? Maybe listen to some music? Watch a movie?"

Darryl laughed lightly. "You're breaking a good man's heart, girl. I can't stick around for that. Bye baby." He blew her a kiss as he headed for the living room.

"Bye Darryl. And thanks for understanding." The nurturer in her felt horrible. Why did it have to come to this? She wasn't perfect either. Why couldn't her heart have accepted Darryl's imperfection? She picked up the remote, chose Jah Cure and Mya and tried to let her sullen mood disappear into the reggae rhythm of "Only You."

As her arms reached over to rest the remote back in place, she caught sight of her thick locks in the mirror. She pulled on one of them, remembering her hair journey from childhood: mom had loved wearing locks and that had been just fine with her; but did her mother have to drag her into the dread lock world too? From her immature perception, she was already the fattest little girl in Port of Spain. Was it necessary for her to also be the only one in her predominantly Indian school with weird hair? But the hair agony had disappeared when sixth grade had come calling; for there she had met Chelsea, another little girl with dread locks who had just transferred to the school. Chelsea's hair had been much shorter and thicker than hers

and they had started going on hair competitions to see who could style their hair better. She had then begun searching through tons of websites and somewhere between the washing and the styling, her locks had eventually become something special in her eyes. Even as she now inspected each one, she could not imagine herself without them. They had become an extension of her, never to be cut, mistreated or neglected. She had grown highly attached to them and the hair pride which they inspired.

As she admired herself in the mirror it dawned on her that with their hairstyle, big round eyes and cheeks, she and her mom would be quite suitable replacements for cabbage patch dolls. The thought made her smile a bit. With vanity having temporarily set in, Eliza tossed the sheets aside to reveal a well-shaped body. This body had helped her earn some good money during the university years. Her stint as a plus sized model had lasted from the first school year all the way up to the very last. She had been able to pay half her grad school fees and had felt independent. But for her, the best part of modeling had been shedding the ugly duckling image which she had carried with her since the primary school days. With every modeling job she had gotten, she had felt more and more like the thin girls she had admired back then. No, scratch that. She had felt better. Every job had allowed her to pose in different seductive positions and wear outfits which made each body part look awesome. Modeling had made her understand how beautiful her body was and the power which it possessed. Her hand smoothed over those chunky thighs then covered them back up with the sheet. She lay back down and continued to enjoy the music.

Kenneth

He loved both his parents: his mom for never getting close enough for her children to be conditioned by her weaknesses; and his dad, for taking charge of the family and always providing the stability which their mom couldn't. But as much as he hated to openly admit it, he appreciated his father much more. There wasn't another black man alive who could have been a better role model. His father had come from nothing and, with strength and determination, had built himself up into a powerhouse. He had also taught both Kenneth and his brother Carter, that the overweight physique which they inherited from him did not have to get in the way of mental and physical success. Kenneth smiled, remembering last year's 'father birthday war.' His brother Carter had won that round with his presentation of an Alpine trip. Harold Washington had tried not to worsen the competitive nature of his sons by picking sides; but the initial expression on his face had given him away; the Alps had been his dream vacation spot as a child. Kenneth had graciously accepted defeat; after all, both their gifts had made his father happy. Carter's gift had just tugged at the old man's heart strings a bit more.

His mind shifted to Eliza. Her light pants and moans had almost driven him out of his mind. Her hands had not left his head the entire time; they had caressed his head and literally petted him like a dog. In hindsight, maybe this should have ticked him off, but the way she had done it had

been so passionate and stimulating. Nothing encourages a man more than when a woman lets him know that he is doing due diligence to her body. He couldn't help but wonder what would have happened had he not gone to tend to room service at the door. How had she managed to exit the room so quickly? Why do women do stuff like that? He now looked at the short note she had left before escaping through the adjoining room: *I'm so sorry. I can't do this with a stranger.* That's all it said. His eyes fixated on the artistic loops in her 'y' and 'g' before his hand crumpled the piece of paper and furiously tossed it to a corner of the room. All he had to go on was a first name. The restaurant had no personal information on her since she had always paid in cash. Not one of the waiters or waitresses knew her. He had gone back to that restaurant at the same time every day for the past two weeks and she had not shown up. Perhaps if he had not been so eager to end their amazing conversation and get her to a hotel room, he would have gotten to know her last name. But why was he blaming himself? She was the one who had run out on him the minute he had turned his back. If she had any sense of propriety, she would have waited to tell him in person that she could not go through with it. Why the hell had she even agreed to go to the hotel with him in the first place? Women! He puffed out a breath and concentrated on the agenda which was opened on the computer. Eliza, whatever her last name was, would not help him with the merger tomorrow. He promptly stopped thinking about her and put his thoughts on the document before him. The meeting tomorrow would concentrate mainly on three things: briefing the members of both companies about the

expectations of the merger, explaining the future sales projections and ensuring that the managers from both companies knew exactly what was expected of them during the next eight months. His hands pressed the mouse and scrolled down towards the ending of the document. With a smile followed by a deep breath, he saved the recent changes he had made and closed the agenda. This business deal between *Dynacom* and *Galaxy Plus* would work out just fine. They were both thriving companies with strong management teams. He was glad they had contacted him to help facilitate the merger.

Second Encounter

“Today’s meeting has been very productive, ladies and gentlemen. I think the merger has gone well. Mr. Jones, Mr. Irving do you two have anything to add?” Kenneth Washington looked at his temporary business partners for clarification.

The CEOs of Dynacom and Galaxy Plus shook their heads to indicate the contrary.

“Wonderful. Thank you for your time, everyone. This meeting is now concluded.” Washington turned to his number one personal assistant. “Tera, please ensure Ms. Bancroft does not exit the room at this time.”

“Yes sir.” Tera Huromito quickly lowered her eyes and walked away. The intensity of her boss’s stare could be scary at times.

Eliza Bancroft observed the sharply dressed young woman approaching her and guessed what was about to be said.

“Ms. Bancroft, Mr. Washington would like to speak with you after everyone else has left the room. Good day mam.”

“Of course. Thank you.” She watched the assistant bow slightly then leave the room together with all

but one of the remaining occupants. She could feel Washington's eyes boring a hole into her. How long could her body stay facing the door? She sighed and turned around to face him.

Kenneth gave her a quick look and smile before bending his head to concentrate on the files which he had been putting into his briefcase. Once this was done, he closed the case and made his way over to her. The footsteps which had started off slow eventually turned into powerful strides as his eyes took in her entire frame. The seconds it took to get to her seemed like minutes in his desperate mind. Finally reaching her, he wrapped one large arm around her waist and slammed her gently onto the wall. His body pressed up against hers as he took in her scent. He felt himself losing control. The scent reminded him of the smooth skin, the sensual moans and the sweet taste of her fluids. That taste was even now on the tip of his tongue, teasing him. Not even the glasses of rich afternoon wine had taken it away. He needed more of that taste.

Eliza knew he was most likely angry. He had every right to be. Had this been any other circumstance she would have slammed him right back into the wall and shown him how she had beaten her opponents during her past Krav Maga classes. But she had been wrong-dead wrong. So she let him press himself onto her. She allowed his body heat get her aroused.

“Mr. Washington I'm sorry about what happened two weeks ago.” She took a chance and looked up into his eyes. They were still the most beautiful shade of light

brown; she was secretly happy to see that, along with the anger, they also contained lust.

He stared down into her dark brown orbs. He couldn't believe she had managed to have such an effect on him two weeks ago. Why had he done that? She could have had every disease known to man. Thank God all his test results had come back negative; not that he wouldn't have deserved it if he had contracted something. Who goes down on a woman they had just met at a restaurant only two hours prior? He couldn't believe he had let it get that far; he, Kenneth Washington, the man who had turned self-control into an art form. But as he looked at this full-figured, gorgeous black woman, the same desire taunted his self-restraint. He actually wanted to make the careless mistake all over again. He finally took control of his breathing long enough to speak. "Why did you run out on me at the hotel?"