

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NONE

It was 2:30 in the morning so Amber tried to enter the dark apartment as quietly as possible. She bumped her ankle against Jared's tricycle pedal. The keys to the apartment fell to the floor noisily.

"Ouch! Who would put the trike in the middle of the foyer like that?" Amber knew it had to be Charlie. *"He's been riding Jared's tricycle again, with his big self."*

"Amber baby—that you?" Sean whispered, turning on the light in the foyer, and then dimming it softly.

"Well, of *course* it's me! She hissed. "Who did you think it was? And stop calling me baby...I'm not your baby." Rubbing her ankle and trying to inspect the damage in the muted light, she noticed that Sean was undressed, right down to his boxer shorts, which hung low on his hips, exposing his firm, wash-board stomach. Lustrous fine hair flattened against his belly and disappeared down inside his boxers. His hard, muscular, caramel torso, shone from good health. *"Absolutely amazing!"* She thought. *"In six months Sean will be forty-five years old! And the man didn't look a day over thirty-five! No telltale gray hairs or even a beer gut, which was his beverage of choice."*

Sean leaned on the wall with his huge, sinewy arms entwined across his massive chest, just *knowing* that he looked good! And he knew, that she *knew* it as well. He smiled his usual lazy, sexy, smile at her with rampant amusement. Amber's face grew hot since she was caught staring.

"Did you have a good time? Where did y'all go?" he asked with honey dripping off his lips.

"Caroline's." she said. Her eyes were riveted on his full lips, as he licked them slowly. Amber looked away. It's been a long time since she's kissed those lips...over two years.

"Oh yeah? Who was there?"

"Paul Mooney and-and..." She couldn't recall the others. She quickly walked toward the hall closet; she removed her fur coat and hung it up.

"Really? Was he...?"

"Look Sean, I'm tired, hung over and experiencing what feels like the beginnings of an ulcer. I'll tell you all about it some other time. Now if you don't mind, I'm going to the bedroom."

"Humph! How would *you* know where the bedroom is?" Sean mumbled, under his breath.

"What's that?"

"Nothing." he sighed.

"That's been long dead between us", she reminded him. "But you are welcome to stay and sleep on the sofa-bed, because it's very late, and..."

“Amber, you know I hate sleeping on the sofa-bed, the mattress is too damn thin.”

“Well, you’re not sleeping with me! Not in *my* bed, and furthermore, we’ve been through this before. Now, good night! You know where the extra pillows and bed linens are.”

“Amber, it’s been over two years already...I miss you...I want my wife back...my lover-my friend. How much longer will things continue this way?”

“Not much longer. I will be filing for a divorce soon. I have to find a good, reputable attorney first and...”

“*You’ll be doing, WHAT!?!*” Sean crossed the foyer in two giant steps. He stood directly in front of his petite wife, of twelve years.

“*We did not discuss this, Amber!*” he spat down at her, breathing stale beer fumes in her face.

“We don’t have to discuss anything, Sean. And have you been drinking beer in here, again? I’ve asked you, not to drink beer around the children!”

“I had a couple of beers and I waited until they were asleep; and anyway, don’t change the subject. When was this decided? How can you throw away twelve and a half years of marriage, just like that?” Sean looked down at her with hurt eyes. Amber looked up at him briefly before averting her gaze elsewhere.

“You weren’t thinking about our marriage, when you were screwing that bony, deep-throat, freak, now were you? Also, need I remind you of your other countless indiscretions? In polite circles, you would be called a ‘lady’s man’, maybe even a playa. But in church, you’d be called an adulterer! You’ve stepped out of your role as a husband. Marriage is not a game, Sean. It’s a blood pact! You did not keep your end of the bargain...you broke our sacred vows, at least six...maybe even ten times, in front of God, and everybody else! What did you think monogamy was? A piece of dark brown wood? For Christ sakes, you haven’t even stopped dating yet! You’re a married bachelor. And you know what else? The most insulting thing, was that you cheated on me, with women who *looked* as if, I wouldn’t hire to clean my apartment! Chicken-heads, Skanks and pigeons...every last one of them! If you’re going to cheat, why don’t you do it with women who look like they’re about something.” Amber closed her eyes for a few seconds to calm her nerves.

“Anyway, that’s all over with. Just try and stay within your species the next time, okay?” She tried to walk around him, but Sean blocked her path.

“Look, I know that I messed up a little bit...” he beseeched, but Amber looked up at him raising a sardonic eyebrow. “...Okay a *lot*, I missed up a lot—satisfied? But it’s hard for me to feel remorse, when everything I do, that even *smells* wrong, you put me out of the apartment like I was a cat or something. Amber, you have me doing time, for shit I did years ago. And I know, that your mother and some of your sister’s are behind some of your decisions; they don’t like me, baby, never have! I remembered somebody in your family threw cooked rice at me after the wedding.” Amber chuckled because she knew that Sean was exaggerating.

“They’ve always thought, that you married ‘down’...especially your father. Interrogating my parents and me with questions about where I was from, who were my people and where did I live...telling me what you were accustomed to and all kinds of

shit! Your father summed me up quite nicely, in a neat little package.” Sean tried to quiet the insecure tremble in his voice. He looked at his wife and saw that she was unmoved.

“That’s because my father recognized you for the bullshit artist that you really are! And that’s *only* because my beloved father was one his damn self. Game recognize game, baby. And he was right about you, wasn’t he?” Amber rolled her eyes and looked away from Sean, but not before he noticed the caustic glance of disappointment she gave him.

“And your mother. She never said much, but I remembered her lips, always forming a tight, grim line of disapproval, whenever she saw me. She always seemed nice on the surface, while mentally slicing and dicing me to pieces! They damned near threw a party, when you put me out that first time almost four years ago!”

“I know, I was invited...and so were you!” Amber hid her grin behind her leather-gloved hand, her shoulders quivering with mirth.

“I didn’t think, it was funny then and the shit ain’t funny now, Amber!” he said dryly.

“Nothing about this marriage is funny, Sean. What can I tell you? My mother saw right through you too! She just didn’t have the heart to tell me, that I was marrying a man similar to my father. And she knew, that if she’d tried, I would’ve married you anyway, just to spite them, my uppity family.” Moving past Sean finally, Amber took off her gloves and too tight shoes, then continued heading for the bedroom. Sean followed, closely at her heels.

“Baby, please, I’m...I’m still feeling you, I love you. Don’t give up on us yet baby...baby, please...!”

“I’ve asked you to stop calling me baby...” But Sean quickly encircled his arms tightly, around Amber’s small waist and buried his face, at the nape of her neck, nuzzling and kissing it.

“Boy, you beg better than Keith Sweat! Now please, let me go.”

“No! I’m not letting you go! Amber, I’m totally serious! I want you, now!” He said, in a muffled voice, as his hand crept down the side of her curvaceous hip, sending electric currents throughout her body.

“So am I!” Amber turned around to face Sean. She placed her palms on his chest to shove him backwards, but Sean was quite swift and too strong for her! Hugging her tighter to his hot, alcohol-fueled body, Amber had no leverage. She may as well have been pushing a brick wall! She was trapped, with nowhere to turn! Sean’s huge member transformed to granite inside his boxers, straining against the cotton fabric, until it finally snaked out of the open flap, ready to impale her!

“*Sean, let me go!*”, she splintered at him.

“No! You want me! I *know* you do! We never could stay away from each other for very long, remember? But two years? That is absolute madness, Amber! *Two damn years?* My God, woman! I’ve known you to be a little stubborn sometimes, but you’ve become insanely obstinate, unforgiving and cold! You’d rather almost have me believe that you want to be miserable.”

“Who said that I’m miserable? Sean, let me go! Right now...” But Sean covered her mouth with his... and stuck his probing, hot tongue in her mouth. He slobbered down the entire lower half of her face. His tongue was everywhere—darting here and there, like a snake!

Struggling against him, only heightened his desire as he ground his body against hers; lifting her while thrusting his pelvis forward!

“Stop fighting me, Amber—you’re *still* my wife, remember? You need this more than I do! Let me break you off a little somethin’-somethin’...just a *little* bit, baby. Then you won’t be so damn mean to everybody all the time!” Sean squelched, as his voice was thick with desire. Without interrupting what he was doing, he managed to unzip the clingy dress from her back, and eased the sleeves all the way down, causing her to release her shoes and gloves as they fell to the floor.

“*Sean, damn it! I said let me go!*” She cried.

“My God, I damn near forgot how smooth your skin is...how sweet you smell...how good you feel...let me make love you.”

“No! You can ‘f-forget it!” she said trembling. Sean picked Amber up by her buttocks, as her dress rose higher and higher still. He gnawed on one brassiere-lace breast...then the other, as he kicked open the bedroom door with one foot, while balancing his wife, high around his waist. Sean unhooked the front of the bra with his teeth, like the expert playa that he is. Freeing and exposing one heavy breast for his waiting mouth, this he gobbled immediately. The other bra-strap had no choice but to follow suit as it slipped off the other shoulder exposing the other breast.

Amber’s nipples contracted, into erect, ‘pencil erasers’, from the warmth of his mouth, as he sucked greedily, pulling and nibbling on them gently. She held on to his curly head for dear life, digging into his scalp with her long red fingernails. Head thrown back, silently yelling, *no-no!* She’d almost forgotten how strong he was...*and skillful!* He laid her gently on the bed, to unsnap the garter belt and peeled down the sheer, black stockings. This he did with such fluid speed, *he must’ve had plenty of practice*, she thought disgustedly.

“Sean no! I won’t let you do this!”

“How you gonna stop me...”

“Bastard, this is rape!”

“How can I rape my own wife?” Amber continued to struggle against him. “Sean I don’t want you!”

“The others didn’t mean shit to me, baby...you gotta believe me, baby.” His voice was practically below a whisper, as his head dove between her legs, nibbling at her crotch and inner thighs. Sean raised his curly head, briefly to look at her. The bright light in the bedroom transformed his usually light gray eyes to a dark, smoky color, unspent from desire.

“I *never* did this with those other women, I-I...you *gotta* believe me.” He then lifted both of her legs and placed them on his big, wide shoulders. Writhing on the bed to get away from him, Sean pulled her back gently and swiftly. Amber became scared, and simultaneously found she was responding and wanted his familiar touch. “*Oh God! I can’t let this happen...won’t let it happen! No fucking way!*” Gritting her teeth, she planted one bare diminutive foot on Sean’s chest.

“That’s right, baby! Open up those pretty, chocolate, silky thighs for me!” he pleaded. Misinterpreting her movements, Sean licked his lips and continued to beg in a low, almost inaudible voice. A radiant smile crossed his sexy lips. Somehow, Sean managed to move aside her panty, with his teeth and mouth and buried his face again in her pubic hair. His tongue flicked, back and forth, against her clitoris, swirling it with his

masterful tongue, and began to, 'stir the coffee'. With his entire face buried in his wife's crotch, Sean slurped, as Amber prayed for strength! Amber began to shutter and tremble...her insides quaked with arousal...for immediate release.

Sean kneaded and rubbed her inner thighs with his thumbs, finally tunneling his big hands underneath cupping her plump buttocks, drawing her even closer to his eager mouth. "Ohhhhh...no-no! I can't let this happen!" Amber squeezed her eyes tightly; no longer able to fight the raw sexual charge...weak and trembling with electrifying anticipation, her body craved the passion and the familiar physical closeness.

"Mmmmm...your sweet rivers are flowing baby..." he whispered, swallowing.

"I think you're ready for me, darling." As Sean struggled and tugged at Amber's panty, pulling them all the way down, she clawed the bedspread with her fingernails. Holding on fast, while bearing down with the sole of her right foot on his chest, she shoved him...hard! Caught off-guard, Sean was sent flying backwards, where he landed solidly on his behind! Amber jumped off the bed and staggered to her feet while supporting herself against the bed. Her upper body shone with a thin layer of sweat as her knees shook and her entire body trembled all over.

Her fashionable dress was rucked and bunched around her waist. Heavy breasts exposed now, Amber flung off the lopsided lace bra and pulled the dress up to cover her breasts. She looked down at her panties, which were twisted, askewed, and somewhere around her left calf, while one forgotten stocking drooped and puddled around her ankle. Her eyes moved to where Sean still sat. She looked down at her husband, who remained on the floor with no intention of getting up, lest he get knocked down again. Sean had the most peculiar and bewildered look on his face.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? 'You nuts or something?'"

"I'm not going to allow you to *ever* have your way, with me again, that's what! Do you think that you can just 'get some', just like that?" Amber snapped her fingers three times. "Well honey, you *need* to polish your act with sandpaper!" she flung at him unconvincingly, while mentally willing her body to stop quivering. She picked up the bra and pulled the dress further up and over her shoulders.

"What do mean, 'get some? Look at you...you were *lovin'* it!" Sean sat up on his haunches to a kneeling position. He reached up and brushed his open palm against Amber's breast. Her nipples protruded behind the thin silk bodice.

"Look at you. You can't even stop from shaking. All I have to do is graze your nipples, like so..." Sean repeated the motion, "...and they respond to me. And right about now, your stomach muscles are tightening up...I *know* your body baby...the way it responds to my touches, no matter how much time has passed." Sean tweaked her nipples a third time. Amber swung back and slapped him. Her handprint on his face, started to redden.

"I think you done lost your damn mind, woman!"

"I'm not crazy! But you are? I'd admit that there's still some residual, intense, mutual hunger between us, even when we're fighting like a cat and dog, but that doesn't mean that I should act on it. I simply cannot forget what you did! Your hands and your *dick* have crept in *and* over other women's bodies during our marriage! If you think that I'm going to let you, make love to me, again, you're certifiable!" Amber sat on the bed to remove the dress over her head. She took off her panty, and then the lone stocking. Sean watched all of this and threw back his arrogant head and guffawed.

“You’ve changed woman! You’ve become cold, hard, and unfeeling...what do I have to do for you to trust me again?”

“Now you’re the one who’s lost it! I wouldn’t trust you even if you were bleeding from your eyeballs!”

“*Damn...that’s some cold shit!*” he muttered as he got up. “This feels like something from, ‘Tales From The Darkside. You’re turning into a real evil bitch, you know that?”

“What’s the matter Sean? Feeling miserable? *Good*, ‘cause I’ve felt that way for years. I’ve suffered and the kids have suffered. But I’m through crying about it! I want you to know, that I’m *this* close to you, and that you can’t *ever* have me again! I want you to spend your life pining away for me. I want you to grow old, bitter and miserable!”

“You *really* hate me, don’t you?” Sean moved towards her, capturing her wrists before she pulled away from him. Amber got up off the bed, totally oblivious about her nakedness. “No Sean, I don’t hate you. I should, but I don’t. In fact, I still care about you, but only as a human being...barely. We have three sons together, and you’re trying to help me raise them, but...”

“But what?” he asked hopefully.

“That’s where it ends, that’s what.”

“Amber, I’ve told you and told you, drunk or sober, those women meant nothing to me! I guess I would have to be *half* dead before you even *half* believe me!”

“Sean, maybe you’re telling the truth. But it doesn’t change anything. We’ve had some good times, okay? But that part of our relationship is over with, now. Just because you attended the Million Man March two years ago, doesn’t mean that you’re redeemed in my eyes! If you want absolution, you should see a priest! But all you’re feeling right now, is nostalgia...and liquor. I want out—I will be filing for a divorce, as soon as I can get a minute. And nothing you say or do will stop me! Good night Sean.” Amber began pushing Sean towards the door and out of the room.

Resisting slightly, Sean turned to face his angry wife once more. Amber’s jaw was set. “So, you don’t miss, ‘it’...you don’t miss me making love to you?” he watched her face carefully. “No, I don’t miss, ‘it’! What am I missing? she asked stubbornly. Amber continued shoving him out the door. She couldn’t look at his soulful, begging eyes any longer, so she quickly closed the door in his face.

Sean stood out in the dim hall looking at the door. He couldn’t believe what just happened. Never in his life did *any* woman *ever* put him out of her bedroom. He wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand. “*This is some bullshit!*” he seethed. “*What am I missing.*” he mimic’s his wife. The side of his face smarted from the slap she gave him. “*Yeah, you miss it alright*”, he rubbed his face. “*I wonder if I’m losing my touch. Amber has never ever resisted me before. I wonder if she’s seeing someone else? Naw! Stop trippin’!*” Sean mentally shook off the thought. His arrogance wouldn’t even entertain the idea. “*She’s too busy with the kids, her friends and that stuck up family of hers, to be seein’ anybody*”, he reasoned silently. “*But then again...nawww! She sure looked good tonight, though. Shit! Whom am I kidding? My wife is gorgeous...prettiest chocolate woman I’ve seen in my life. I just wish she’d forgive me. I miss her so much.*”

Sean leaned against the wall with his right shoulder, arms crossed. *“Amber can be a lot of fun when she ain’t so uptight. And why did she have to go and mention that damn Cristal. I must’ve been drunk to get involved with her dumb ass in the first place. Stupid, dumb ass, trick had no business coming to see my wife, talkin shit and breaking up my marriage.”* Sean dragged his fingers through his hair, visibly tormented, knowing full well, that he was the major cause of their marital woes.

“You’re partly to blame for this fucked up marriage too, Amber.” Sean yelled through the locked door. He turned around, forgetting that his children’s bedroom door was only a few feet away. He didn’t want to wake them. But he couldn’t stand looking at Amber everyday without wanting to put his hands on her. Getting back into their apartment was the first step. Getting back into her bed, *their bed* is the next step. *“Divorce? Phffff! Divorce my ass! I would never agree to such a thing! Amber will be my wife... ‘til death do us part.”* Sean licked his dry lips. He could still taste her musky sweetness on his mouth and tongue. Her perfume lingered on his upper body and face, making him horny. *“She hadn’t changed much since the first time I laid eyes on her. Amber has a ‘play ground’ of a body, made for loving and slaying’. Those wide hips of hers, were made to cradle and rock a man to his very soul...”*

It was the summer of 1982, about 12:00 noon on a Saturday. Sean watched the midnight blue Jaguar crawl to a stop at the curb, about twenty feet from the basketball court. It was ninety degrees and humid. Perspiration dripped off the precipitous part of his fuzzy, dimpled chin and his damp curls flattened on his scalp from sweat as he gripped the basketball and waited to see who was driving such a ‘def’ car. Breathing heavily, Sean chewed his spearmint gum, and lost all concentration when Amber Mercado lighted from the vehicle, all coltish legs and arrogance to match.

“Yo Sean! Tho’ duh mutherfuckin’ ball, man! Wha’ choo waitin’ fo’!” yelled Tiny. Sean flipped the ball over his shoulder carelessly and walked over to the mesh gate to get a closer look. The other guys finally came over to stand at the gate also, to see whatever it was that interrupted their game since Sean was no longer playing.

The cool starkness of her outfit: snug, silk knit white tank top, clung to her high, proud, generous breasts and enhanced her tiny waist. White, short, cotton culottes, accentuated her curvaceous hips and white ankle socks trimmed in pink and canvas Keds sneakers, complimented her smooth chocolate legs. Amber walked around to the passenger side and stepped up on the sidewalk; she adjusted the white cotton sun-visor that encircled her head. Its shaded peak canopy concealed her golden eyes as she squinted them in the blinding sun. The sun visor couldn’t hide her pouty, glossy red lips, which resembled sun-ripened cherries. She noticed a group of sweaty guys behind the gate eyeing and ‘catcalling’ her, but she ignored them, assured that none of them would appeal to her, especially if they lived around here in this neighborhood.

Amber smoothed and patted her hair, making sure that the thick chignon was still in place, and started walking in the direction of the Wilson projects, not far from First Avenue on 103rd Street near Spanish Harlem. The sidewalk was filled with Black and Hispanic children playing skellies, jumping rope and hopscotch on the sidewalk and in the middle of the street. Amber quickly wound her way through the boisterous, miniature bunch. Police barricades were set up to bar vehicular traffic from entering and exiting the streets where the children played. Rap music blared from an unknown source, as she

stopped to look around her. Then she stepped off the sidewalk and strolled on the street like everyone else.

An old man, ringing a bell and pushing an 'icy' vending cart, caught her eye. She dug into her small Louis Vuitton clutch for change. Sean sprinted out of the playground after her. He had to find out who she was.

"Hey man, way in duh hell you think you goin', man? You gon play o' what, man?" Tiny yelled after him.

"I'll be back. I'm just going to get her digits, man!" shouted Sean. Amber watched the old man scrape the block of ice and deposit the 'crushed' ice into a white, cone-shaped cup and poured a syrupy sweet, red liquid over the chipped icy mound. The old man handed her the cup and Amber paid thirty-five cents for the flavored ice. Sean caught up to her just when the old man began moving away, ringing his bell. Suddenly, a small child darted from out of nowhere, on his big wheel, tricycle! Sean jumped over the child, to avoid running into him, but collided into Amber, smashing most of the red fruity ice against her chest. Amber watched the cup fall, upending more red juice on its way down, soiling her legs and indelibly staining her culottes and sneakers. Sean quickly put his arms around her, protecting the back of her head and bare shoulders, as they fell backwards onto a parked car.

Amber's screams were muffled against his massive, sweaty chest. In that part of the city, screams were heard frequently, so no one paid attention to the prone couple, flat on their back, 'makin' out on top the car.

"Get off of me!" she shrieked. The scent of cologne and musky sweat made her nostrils flare. "I'm-I'm so sorry. You all right? Did I hurt you?" Sean reluctantly eased off her. She felt good under him and smelled heavenly. Amber recognized him as one of the guys calling out to her behind the gate.

"Look at my blouse...my clothes...you've ruined them...you clumsy...!"

"Let me pay for it. I'll buy you another outfit."

"I seriously doubt that you can afford it. It's from Adidas! Just get away from me, you-you...!" Amber rudely pushed Sean out of the way and headed for the payphone on the corner. Sean followed her from a distance. He had to get her name and phone number before she disappeared from his life. He watched as she used the rotary phone. A few seconds later, she was talking to someone. Amber said a few words into the mouthpiece. He over-heard her asked someone, 'if they needed anything from the store, since she was in the neighborhood.' Later on, he found out that she worked at a Crime Victims Unit at the Family Court in Lower Manhattan and participated in the Big Sister mentoring program.

Amber told Ms. Simpson, "good-bye, I'll call you next week, about taking Keisha to the museum", and hung up. She looked down at her blouse and culottes again and sighed dismally. Sean walked over to her, offering his clean handkerchief. Amber rolled her eyes up at him.

"Stop following me! I thought I told you to get lost!" she seethed. Yanking off the sun visor, she pulled the ends through one of the belt loops and attached the Velcro ends together. The visor now hung jauntily, on the side of her waist, bouncing as she walked past him towards her car. Sean wet the handkerchief at a nearby open hydrant and quickly caught up to her. Moving in front of her, Sean stooped over to wipe the drying, sticky red juice droplets from her legs.

“Stop that and leave me alone! What’s the matter with you? Haven’t you done enough, already?” she shoved him away from her, and stalked on towards her car only a few feet away. Amber fingered for the keys inside of the purse and pulled them out. She was about to insert the key into the lock, when Sean positioned his body against the car door and snatched the keys from her hand. It never occurred to Amber to be scared or to call for help. She was too incensed!

“Just what in the hell...”

“Tell me your name.”

“What?”

“Your name...tell me your name?”

“Why?”

“I’m not giving you back these keys, until you tell me your name. And I know you don’t want to be hanging around here all day...way into the night in this neighborhood...” Sean held the keys high and jiggled them.

“Are you threatening me?” Amber looked up at the handsome, sweaty man, leaning on her car. He was gorgeous, but she felt sure that he already knew that.

“I want my keys! Give them to me, now!” Sean gazed down at her. Besotted, with her enchanting face, he smiled.

“You’ve got beautiful eyes, you know that? Just like a cat. You probably always get your way wid dem pretty eyes, huh?”

“Apparently not—you still have my keys.” Extending her open hand, a small smile tugged at her lips. Sean handed over the keys, dropping them in the middle of her palm, but not before grabbing her hand. He brought her knuckles up to his slightly open lips, kissing them. He tasted some residual juice on her knuckles. He was about to bring her hand up to his mouth again, but Amber took her hand out of his. She was shaking slightly. This man, who she can buy and sell ten times, who probably couldn’t even afford the silk drawers she wore on her behind, was turning her out in the middle of the street, making her panties wet. “I’ve got to call and tell Monica about this, shit!” She swooned.

“My name is Sean...Sean Thompson. And you are...”

“Amber Mercado.”

“Are you Dominican? Panamanian? Cuban?”

“No. Caribbean-American...Boriqua. My father’s Puerto-Rican.”

“May I have your phone number?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Well, I don’t know you and I-I-I’m sort of se-seeing someone...” She stammered. Sean leaned forward, bringing his face close to hers, and exclaimed,

“I don’t care.” Sean knew within that instant he wanted her...had to have her, period! A couple of minutes later, he had her phone number and upper Westside home address on a slip of paper clutched in his fist as he watched her drive off. His ‘homies’ watched all this behind the gate. Sean walked over to them, smiling and waving the paper triumphantly.

“Sean maaan...you gon git yo feelin’s hurt man! You ain’t gon pull dat! She look all rich and shit! She don’t want yo broke ass! She just gon play wid you.” The men howled with laughter slapping high ‘fives’. But Sean ignored them...

“Two years later, them same fools were dancing, eating and drinking at my damn wedding reception!”

Sean Thompson, who had as much style and panache as a classless gorilla, fell in love with Amber Mercado that afternoon. It took a while, but he got her. The two began to date, tentatively at first; they'd take long walks in the park, laughed and kidded each other at the movies and went on romantic picnics—which was a switch for Sean, since he's never been in a serious relationship. He's never had the time or the desire to nurture one. Usually, he would just get the 'panties' on the first, if not second date and then step'. But he really wanted to know Amber...to be with her, all the time. Blind-sided, he was pulled off his 'mack-daddy' throne, and fell helplessly in-love with the teenage, swarthy beauty. Then she fell in love with him, leaving her many admirers confused and befuddled and her friends wondering as to her whereabouts in the evenings and weekends.

Amber spent most of her time with Sean and his friends on the eastside of Manhattan's Spanish Harlem. Sean was different from the other guys she used to date. He was rough and a bit of an educated, streetwise thug; and his pretty boy good looks captivated her. He didn't follow any rules, except for the esoteric code of the streets. And he protected her fiercely, like a lion. The people in his 'hood' knew who Amber was, since she was seen with Sean most of the time; so as a favor to Sean, whenever she was in the neighborhood, they kept an eye on her, whenever he wasn't around.

Although educated, Sean kept his street vernacular up-to-date and intact, which fascinated Amber, because around her he spoke the Queen's English. She eventually adapted, slowly picking up certain slang terms herself while Sean taught her a thing or two about the hood, since she led such a safe, sheltered life. It didn't sit well with her family or friends that she was dating riff-raff, but Amber didn't care. Her best friend Monica, who was two years older and halfway out of college, told her, “it's okay to go *slumming* now and then...shit, I've done it...but don't *ever* get involved or get serious with them.”

Sean in turn, picked up on Amber's fashion sense—her impeccable style and expensive taste. She took him to the opera, Broadway shows, and sailing on her father's boat to the Long Island Sound and Sag Harbor. And although her young age was of great concern to him as well as his parents, Sean vowed that he would *never* let her go.

“Yes sir! I finally got her!” But first, he had to wait until she turned eighteen years old...and legal. Sean then systematically made her get rid of the other rich, stuck-up assholes she sporadically dated, so that he and only he can solely shower her with love and attention.

When Amber confessed that she was still a virgin, at first, Sean didn't believe her. Sean has never actually met one...not unless you're less than fourteen years of age in his neighborhood. He looked at Amber skeptically.

“Not with all those guys you were dating!” He grilled her like a prosecutor. But Amber dated only 'brother's' who respected her boundaries. Sean made it plain from the beginning that he had every intentions of jumping her bones...once she was legal of course. He didn't want to go to jail. But once Amber turned eighteen, she made him wait an additional year...when she reached nineteen and it was their wedding night! He was surprised and pleasantly so, that on their honeymoon, his well-traveled, worldly and

sophisticated bride, was *indeed* chaste and that *he* was to be the first. Sean power-tripped over that fact for a long time.

“And she won’t have another man after me neither! Not if I can help it!”

Amber was already a sophomore at Columbia University College, so Sean had to promise Ernestine and José, that Amber would continue to go to college and earn her degree. So the babies had to be put on hold until after she graduated.

The honeymoon was magical. First, it was St. Thomas, Amber’s hometown, then on to Puerto Rico, the homeland of her father. At night, in the privacy of their hotel bedroom, Sean fired her nights with his expert lovemaking. It was worth the two years of slapped hands; and Sean’s years of experience, were put to use. Only with Amber, it was truly lovemaking at its finest. Unlike the other women before his wife, Sean took his time with her and savored every second. He did things to Amber that he’d never done with the other woman, whom he only ‘used’ to practice on and satisfy his immediate needs. But they also left him emotionally unfulfilled and frustrated. And the one thing he *never, ever* did with the others, was perform oral sex. He promised himself, that he was saving that ‘treat’, for the woman of his dreams.

“And they begged for it too! Shit! And most of ‘em had a bunch of niggas runnin’ up in ‘*there*’ hittin’ it and, *often too!*” he mused. Amber came to him, pure and untouched; and for that, he delighted in her body, and for the first time in his life, Sean was eager to please...and satisfy. He pleased and titillated her with his libidinous mastery. After getting over her initial shyness, Amber unleashed the elemental, earthy, sexual appetite that she’s always known she possessed. But it took Sean’s unbridled, animalistic passions, to bring it out. Amber was insatiable! She wore out her husband on most nights!

Sean felt like the luckiest man in the world! Amber was everything he’d always wanted in a wife: beautiful, funny, educated, well versed in the arts, *and* she loved sex, as much as he did...probably more! And she’s been intimate with him and only him! No ex-lovers to haunt his jealous, egotistic mind. Her class, breeding and social graces, only enhanced his ‘standing’ in the ‘hood’. So every chance he got, Sean showed her off around the neighborhood to his friends...and the women he once slept with looked on with envy and scorn...

“*Damn!!*” Sean raised his hand to pound on the bedroom door, but then changed his mind.

“*Might make her mad. Take it day by day, one step at a time, but it had better be soon.*” Sean groaned. He felt so miserable. He slipped his hand down inside his pants and vigorously massaged his huge phallus to quiet it down. “*Soon, very soon...we’ll get some soon.*” Sean turned around and headed towards the kitchen. He flipped the light switch, and then walked towards the wall phone. Checking the clock as he picked up the receiver, Sean quickly punched in the phone number.

“It’s late, but she won’t mind.” The phone rang three times before it was picked up.

“Hello?” A sleepy voice inquired.

“Monica, I’m sorry-I know that it’s late, but you gotta help me get her back soon...she just told me that she wants a frigging divorce.”

“Oh-no! I’m so sorry to hear that, Sean. I thought that she was weakening and wouldn’t be able to resist your charms tonight...”

“*Sheet!* She slapped me *and* pushed me out of the bedroom—shit like that just don’t happen to me, okay! So now what?”

“Wait a minute...let me think. Is Amber asleep, now?”

“Yeah, I guess she’s asleep.”

“So I gather, you’re not going to give in to her demands for a divorce.”

“*Hell no!!*”

“Okay, calm down...I’m just trying to clarify the situation. You must know, that if she enlists the help of her family, you won’t have a leg to stand on.”

“*Screw her family!* She’s still my wife, and they can’t take her away from me...it ain’t their business, Monica! I love that woman and she loves me! I know that she does...no one understands...”

“Sean, if Amber ever found out, she’d kill us...*me first.*”

“But you *are* going to help me, right Monica? You promised.”

“*Alright-alright!* But all of this *is* your fault, ya know! ‘Serves you right and you *deserve* it, for hurting my best friend like that! She could’ve married anybody...*rich* anybodyes...”

“Yes I know. You don’t have to rub it in!”

“Well I guess I can try to help you. It won’t be easy. Amber can be very stubborn you know. She *still* wants to string you up by your balls!”

“I wish she would...that would be an improvement. At least she would be touching me again.”

“You really love her, huh?”

“Of course I do... I never stopped.”

“Then why, Sean...why?”

“Because I’m an insecure and jealous jackass...it’s too complicated...and it wasn’t just one thing...” Sean listened to Monica exhaling loudly into the phone.

“Okay. Come by on Sunday. We need to talk this out.”

“Alright Monica. I’ll be there on Sunday. Thanks.”

“Now I’m going back to sleep. Goodnight Sean.”

“Goodnight, Monica.” *Click!* Sean turned off the light and walked out of the kitchen. He looked down the hall at the closed bedroom door. A sly smile stretched across his caramel hued face.

“That’s alright, Amber. That’s quite all right. But I got somethin’ for you. You won’t even *see* me comin.” Sean walked into the living room to unfold the sofa bed.
